

FIELD DAY

MANY DARK HORSES ON VISITING TEAMS

Veteran Point-Getters Lost by Graduation and Injury

Seriously handicapped by the loss of some of their star point-getters, Manitoba is fielding a team that will not take back the Track Championship without the hardest struggle ever fought by the Brown and Gold. Here are the descriptions of the men on whom Manitoba will rely:

G. J. Creasy—Creasy, to judge from his record, which is incidentally eighteen inches higher than Fred Russel's pole vault mark last Saturday, can't help but gain five points for Manitoba, when he does his stuff on the end of a pole. He will also make Fred bound his very highest in the high jump event, as he, too, is champion of the province, with a mark of five feet ten and one-half inches.

Penwarden—Last year's winner of the hundred and two-twenty is on hand, and is going as strongly as ever—a sprinter de luxe—and Alberta's chief obstacle. Except for this mighty sprinter, Manitoba is pitifully weak in the short gallops, and Alberta derives much hope from the fact.

Ball—The premier sprint flash of the team in past years, has indiscreetly graduated, and leaves a gap that cannot be filled. Ball took part at Toronto in the Olympic trials, and placed third in the hundred yards and well up in the 220. But he's not coming, gang, so cheer up!

Neilson—This broad, powerful weight fiend battered for years against the impregnable records set up by our own immortal Aubs Bright. And now, when the greatest gladiator of Alberta's track history has, like Ball and others have, left their Alma Mater, Neilson too has graduated, his fondest hopes unrealized, the field now lies open to new blood on both sides.

It is certain that Manitoba brings with her much fresh material of no mean calibre, but unless some very bright light shines forth on Saturday next, our boys are sure to wreak great havoc amongst Manitoba's hitherto impregnable ranks.

Saskatchewan
At the U. of S. Track Meet the showing made by the track stars to the east was not as brilliant as usual, since a section of their former coterie of track luminaries are missing through graduation. But they are bringing a team that will be sure to keep things going for the Green and White. Here they are:

Young—This meteoric dash expert will probably give Penwarden a good run for his money, as well as force our own cinder clyones to stretch their legs. With this boy and his rivals in action, records are certain to tremble and totter on the 15th.

Gratias—We say little of him. To the curious, we can only say, "Ask any one who played in the rugby game last week!" and the inquirer

PROVINCIAL CHAMPION



FRED RUSSEL
Provincial High Jump Champion, and co-holder of the Individual Championship of Alberta.

will receive ample assurance concerning his power and prowess. And these faculties are all due to be used and felt at the Meet—not in line lugging this time, but with the discus and weights.

Sandy Nicholson—One of the most greatly feared men in the Meet is Sandy. He is coming back again, and is a bad man in the shot put, discus and javelin. And does he stop there. Not on your life, for this veteran of the field is one of the finest all-around athletes of the W.C.I.A.U., and can make the dust fly in the sprints as well as most.

Hutchison and Chappell—Graduate losses to the Green and White gang, who will be sorely missed in the broad jump, pole vault and javelin throw, will be replaced no doubt by new stock, but no rumors as to dangerous dark horses have filtered through as yet, so the hopes of Alberta rise high in this direction also.

Elmer Bell—It is doubtful if we will see Elmer do his stuff in the two-twenty and the hurdles, as he had the misfortune to suffer concussion during rugby practice a few days ago. We hope to see him, as the breezy boy from Lumsden, Sask., can show a nice turn of speed.

USE OF SERUM PREVENTS DEATH

Dr. Shaw Explains Immunity to Philosophical Society

The first members' meeting of the Philosophical Society was held in Room 142 Medical Building, at 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

Before Dr. Shaw read his paper on "Immunity" an important motion was passed in regard to membership fees. In future students desiring to join the Philosophical Society may do so for the small sum of 25c. Previously the membership fee was 75c for everyone, but this was thought to be too much for students in attendance at the University, and as a result has been reduced from 75c to 25c. For others the fee remains the same. It is hoped that owing to this reduction in fees, more students will avail themselves of the opportunity of joining this society.

Dr. T. M. Shaw is to be highly congratulated on his interesting and educational paper on "Immunity."

In beginning his reading, the speaker defined "Immunity" as follows:

"Immunity is the effective resistance of the organism against any deleterious influence. Immunity means not only the ability to resist an infection or successful invasion of the tissues by microparasites, but also the continual resistance offered as long as the infection lasts; that is, immunity implies not only resistance to the onset of infection, but also to the course of progress of the resulting 'infectious disease.'"

In speaking of vaccination, Dr. Shaw said "that protection from smallpox is due to the introduction by vaccination of a living organism which was originally causative of

smallpox in man, but by its passage through the cow it has lost forever its ability of causing smallpox, and is only able to produce the local disease that we find on the vaccinated arm.

Antitoxin Lowers Death Rate
Other important statements made by the speaker were as follows:

"While antitoxin has lowered the death rate from diphtheria from 70% to 30%, it has not to any extent decreased the numbers contracting the disease, for the reason that the immunity conveyed by antitoxin is passive and of but short duration. When antitoxin is given in sufficient quantity on the first day of disease the death rate is less than 1%.

"Scientists have shown us that an animal such as the horse, though not susceptible to human disease, can be rendered immune experimentally by inoculating him with disease-producing bacteria, and that the antibodies produced by such an animal can be withdrawn from his blood and utilized in the treatment of human infection. The serum used for the cure of diphtheria, scarlet fever and certain types of meningitis are but the blood serum of a horse that has been rendered immune by inoculation with the bacteria causative of the respective diseases.

The next meeting of the Philosophical Society will be held on Oct. 21st. This meeting is open to all who wish to attend. The speaker for the hour will be Dr. Miller, and the subject of the address, "Whence the Ten Commandments?"

MED CLUB MEETING

The Medical Club will meet Thursday, October 13th, at 8 p.m., in Athabasca Lounge. Dr. H. Jamieson, Honorary President of the Club, will address the meeting, his subject being, "The Doctor's Bedside Library."

Coveted Cairns Trophy Now Within Our Reach

Alberta Has Stellar Material—Manitoba and Saskatchewan Lose Many Good Men—B.C. Not Coming—Werthenbach Captain of Green and Gold Athletes

Alberta's chances of capturing the famous Cairns Trophy, symbolic of the Western Canada Inter-varsity Track Meet, from the Manitoba team, holders for many years, never looked brighter than they will on the morning of October 15th, when the first gun is fired at South Side Athletic Park. Last year the home team was robbed of the championship by one of the cruellest jokes ever played by mathematics. With ten out of fifteen possible firsts tucked away, with the all-round individual champion of the meet on their roster, and with the credit for several scattered records, the Green and Gold heroes returned home the victors of the meet and yet—without the dearly-prized trophy. Points are also given for second and third places, and Manitoba had taken nearly all of these. Oh! Cruel Fate, that sanctions such monstrous paradoxes!

But then, why curse Fate, as if she discriminates against us alone? Hand in hand with Father Time, she has this year played a sorry trick upon our neighbors in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. The two first-named are mourning the loss of good men and true, and their stalwart hopes in former meets, and so are greatly handicapped. The last-named province, so cruelly has the fickle jade flouted her, cannot even field a team, and for this year at least must be absent upon the great day now fast approaching.

The High Hopes of Alberta
Fritz Werthenbach—In our last issue, we did not dub him, "Iron Man Fritz"? Aye, and such is verily the case. Last year Fritz was the all-around champion of W.C.I.A.U. meet

FRESHETTES UDERGO NOVEL INITIATION

Aboriginal Analogy Conducted in Convocation Hall

When Big Chief Mona Tredway and the wandering tribe Wauneita returned to their winter lodges on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan, many strangers had come from sundry places: the wind-swept prairies, haunts of the white man; yea, even the great mountains of the west. "Let us assemble these strangers. So she called her council and said, within our land in Convocation Woods, when the Sun God sinks to rest on the third day of the week, to see if they will be one with us."

The sound of the tom-tom summoned all newcomers to join the tribe. Chief "Froshleader" (Winnie Gilhooley) spoke words of welcome and bade all who would be wives follow her through the great forest, where many lurking enemies stalked, to the Council ring of Tribe Wauneita.

Indian File
Quietly they marched, the stillness broken only by the crunching of the autumn leaves, until in the distance they could see the glow of large camp-fires. Stealthily they advanced.

Silhouetted against the pines and lodges were countless dusky-faced warriors in ceremonial array. In the centre stood Great Chief Culord-feathers (Mona Tredway), surrounded by her Council. From the stillness, broken only by the crackling of the leaves and murmuring of the wind, came the strains of the Wauneita lullaby sung by Chief Olessa (Blanche Olander).

"Throbs of the tom-tom sounded as the strangers approached the Great Chief, who spoke words of great wisdom to those who came to join the tribe. Then that they might yet learn of its wondrous and lofty ideals they journeyed to the camp of Apysof (May Massie), and were initiated mysteriously into the knowledge of the Soph. Far to the east lay the lodge of Younganasi (Elsie Young), the home of intensive labor where in thunderous tones mystical portents of years to come came down to them from dusky shades of pine and poplar, leaving many weary with the responsibility thrust upon them. Southward burned the camp-fire of those of greatest wisdom, where Chief Pure-heart (Molly Grant) reigned. Thither journeyed they of perseverance who would become famous in all tribes for their salubrious minds and morals.

Filed Smoothly
Deeply impressed, and with ideals that soared to the heavens, they returned to hear once more the voice

at Saskatoon, and such was his overwhelming enthusiasm that he even tackled the pole vault, without ever having previously indulged in such aerial pursuits, actually winning a place and valuable points for the team. Last week, with ease and technique—not the sort learned in the "stiff" lab—our bounding blond gathered in the individual championship of the U. of A.—yes, he had the good grace to blush at his wholesale robbery—and he is Alberta's chief hope in the sprints on Saturday next. His specialty is doing a hop, skip and jump over the high hurdles, and 'tis gossiped about that Fritz will make his own intercollegiate record in this event look foolish.

Fred Russel—Say, if you wish to be examined as an insanity suspect, just waltz up to Reg Hamilton and shout in his ear, "We haven't the slightest chance of winning the high jump!" What there is left of you will be shipped straight to Ponoka. Fred is one of our surest bets at the gathering of the clans. He is high jump champion of Alberta, and co-holder with Frank Waites in the all-round individual championship of the province. In Edmonton, last August, Fred tackled a mark of five feet ten and three-quarter inches. This entitled him to try out for the Olympic Games at Toronto, which he did. He came fifth in the Dominion, and has been invited to attend the Olympic training camp next spring. Our star bar skimmer will be hitting on all six on Saturday, in the broad jump and sprints, as well as his pet hobby.

Mickey Crockford—Aha! Here we've slipped one over on old Dame Fate—for here we have a lad who travels far and fast—in fact, he travelled so much faster than others in the 1926 Alberta meet that he was provincial champ in the quarter and half-mile canter. Mickey attended Varsity in 1921 and '22—has returned to the fold—and packs a mean stride. At the local meet this breezy boy collared all of the middle distance events. If a beautiful style and fine condition mean more than just so much spelling, "Mick" is a sure winner at the W.C.I.A.U. meet.

(Continued on Page 6)

ANNUAL WAUNEITA RECEPTION SOON

Dance Will Be Held in Athabasca—Get Programs Early

The annual reception of the Wauneita Society to men students will be held on October 21st in the dining room of Athabasca Hall.

For the benefit of new students, the society wishes to explain that the women of the University take this opportunity of entertaining their men friends. The dance is entirely informal, and it is the wish of the society that everyone should attempt to become acquainted with as many of their fellow students as possible during the evening.

In order to obtain the use of the dining room, it has been necessary to limit the attendance to five hundred. Students are therefore advised to get their programs early.

Tickets for the girls will be obtainable in the Upper Wauneita Room on Wednesday, October 19, from 12 o'clock to 12:30 and from 1:30 to 5:00.

All girls who have not paid their Wauneita fees are requested to do so on Wednesday, or to buy a ticket for the reception.

Men students wishing to attend the dance are invited to call for their programs on Thursday, Oct. 20, between 9 o'clock and 5 o'clock, in the basement of the Arts Building.

Everybody, be sure to get your programs. Remember, there are only five hundred available.

of the Great Chief, and to take the solemn oath of fealty to the Tribe Wauneita.

Then followed that moment every young brave had lived for, when in the long-acustomed style of the Wauneitas, they were initiated as true members of the tribe.

The Wauneita Song, sung by all, expressed their thoughts, ambitions and ideals.

Long shall the memories of this ceremony linger in the heart of every brave, when the camp-fire burns low on new hunting grounds.

A REAL COACH



Coach Tait, the brother of Canada's crack long-distance runner, Jack Tait, has no superior as a coach anywhere in the Intervarsity Union. In 1908 Mr. Tait took Canada's Olympic team to London. For a number of years past he has been giving of his vast store of track experience to make Alberta's track teams known and feared throughout the West. Last year's team was one of his best products. This Fall, Coach Tait accompanied the Alberta team to the Olympic tryouts at Toronto. His men did themselves and him great credit, one winning the Dominion javelin record and two others placing in the high jump and hundred yards dash. Watch his face when that cup comes home on Saturday.

NOTICE

Meeting of the Dramatic Executive Friday, October 14, at 4:30. Important. Please see notice board.

TRACK TEAMS TO ARRIVE TONIGHT

Large Reception Committee Will Be On Hand

The invading track teams of Manitoba and Saskatchewan are advancing on the Capital City tonight by C.N.R., and will be welcomed by a big reception committee when the train steams in at 10:50 p.m. Contrary to all previous practice, each visiting track team will stay on their special cars. These they will use as headquarters until they leave again Sunday morning at 7:30. Professor J. A. Howe and Mr. C. MacDonald are with the Manitoba bunch as chaperons, and J. Lawson comes with them as Student Representative. Joe Griffiths and See will probably act as guardians of the Saskatchewan crew.

Those in whose care the social end of the welcome rests are Dave Hawthorn and Carl Taylor. Glen Klingaman is responsible for the securing of track officials. Programs and tickets are being spread around by John Hart, while Don Sproule is oiling and shining up all track equipment. Ken and Don McKenzie are the lads who are going to see that everybody knows about the Meet, while Whit Matthews is corresponding at great length to make sure the other teams don't forget to come.

And who is behind all this? On whom is it that the main burden finally must rest? Why, Reg Hamilton, President of the Track Club, whose white-clad figure has never ceased to move in the interests of his beloved track team since he returned to the U. of A. Nor indeed will he rest, he says, until—why, until his men are declared champions next Saturday, of course!

Eight Score Hikers Enjoy Arts Fiesta

Beautiful Moon and "Hot Puppies" Contribute to Evening's Enjoyment—Mrs. Tory, Dean and Mrs. Kerr, and Miss Dodd Participate in General Fun

Promptly at 7:30 last night more than one hundred and fifty enthusiastic hikers, mostly members of the Arts Club, met in front of Athabasca Hall for the annual Arts Hike.

The night was ideal for the outing, and the party was soon on the way to its destination. Led by Bill Hobbs, President of the Arts Club, and Miss Dodd, the large party wended its way by twos and threes around Assiniboia and down the road to the Mayfair Golf links. A tree-lined road winding around the links was followed down to the river. A mile or so along this road the light of a large bonfire was noticed, and on reaching the fire the vanguard saw the excellent preparations made by those who had gone in advance. The spot chosen was a splendid natural amphitheatre, facing out on to the Saskatchewan. In the centre of this large fire had been built by a few energetic students. As the gang filed down the bank they selected comfortable seats around the sides and also on logs laid near the fire. When the party had all arrived, Bill Hobbs led the Varsity yell, after which singing, led by Worthy Hoover on his banjo, was enjoyed for some time.

The Bread Line

Then came the welcome news that the "eats" were ready and a "bread line" was formed with great alacrity. Although the line moved rather slowly for some of the hungry hikers, the "dogs" were greatly enjoyed when secured. With the aid of several willing members of the club, hot dogs and coffee were served to each hiker without mishap, except when Emily Horricks accidentally dropped a few hot dogs in the coffee pot. Others who assisted energetically were Don Sproule, R. V. Clark, George Stanley, D. White and Jean Campbell. When all had located their seats once more, apples were tossed among the crowd, and needless to say, no one missed getting at least one of these—in fact, some were noted with bulging pockets.

Dean Kerr Present

When the supper was finished Dean Kerr, the popular Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, was called upon for a speech. Dean Kerr gave an interesting little talk on the Arts Faculty as the oldest and central faculty of the University of Alberta. This hike, he said, reminded him of his own student days at the University of Toronto. He congratulated the Arts Club on the success

of their hike and also on the excellence of their hot dogs. Besides Dean and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Tory and Miss Dodd also participated in the evening's fund. Kenneth McKenzie, last year's president of the club, replied to Dean Kerr's speech. Among other things, Ken touched on how fortunate the Faculty of Arts was in its staff, and also on how difficult it was to organize such a complex faculty. L. Wyatt then announced the Intercollegiate Sports to be held next Saturday.

After the speeches came more singing for an hour or so. The old favorites, "My Girl She is a Queen," "Long, Long Trail," "Just a Song at Twilight," "Moonlight and Roses," and many others, old and new, were sung, led again by Worthy Hoover. A beautiful moon overhead and the presence of two or three canoes drifting on the river helped all the singers to feel romantic, especially those a little farther back from the fire.

When the singing was finished R. V. Clark came forth to teach the gang the "Fae, fae, fae" yell of the Arts Faculty. Then the Varsity yell resounded through the woody once more. When the yelling had died down a few engineers were heard giving vent to their uncivilized yell, but they were quickly squelched.

COUNCIL O.K.'S TENNIS MEET

University of Saskatchewan Here Tomorrow for Tennis Tournament

Authorization of tomorrow's tennis meet was one of the important matters dealt with at Monday's Students' Council meeting. The Tennis Club was given authority to invite Saskatchewan here for a tennis meet, each university to pay half the expenses of the trip.

It was decided to hold regular Students' Union meetings this session on the following dates: October 27, November 9, December 7, January 18, February 8 and March 7. Meetings of the Council will be held regularly every Monday at 7:30 p.m.

It was announced that the services of Anse Young, the well-known ice-maker, had been procured for the Covered Rink.



THE GATEWAY

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OFF THE OFFENSIVE

Last Saturday's game, like most of the intercollegiate games of recent years, was marked by an almost complete absence of ragging of visiting players. This was particularly noticeable to some of us, who remember that "it was not ever thus," and we wonder if we are weakening, or merely becoming more civilized. Possibly those two processes are identical but, at any rate, the change is all for the better. It has often been said that "half the game is won on the side lines." If this is true, it is manifestly unfair to a visiting team to be compelled to play against nine-tenths of the spectators as well as against the home team.

During the time that Canadian and American troops were stationed in England, several games of baseball were played at Lords, and the manners and customs of the North Americans afforded the sedate English a good deal of amusement. After the first of these games, one of the London papers described it as a game played by two teams of nine men each, one team against the other and both against the umpire. Likewise a certain elderly dame, who lived near a Canadian camp, said that she attended games not to watch them, but "to hear what they said." She gave examples such as "he swings like a beer sign in a gale."

Of course, Alberta is not England, and it is hardly to be expected that hockey, for instance, should be conducted in the same dignified manner as cricket. There can be little objection to inoffensive "rooting" which, undoubtedly, encourages the players. But it is gratifying to note that certain practices which prevailed not so many years ago have all but passed out, and that even when feeling does run high the supporters of our own teams are rarely the chief offenders.

POLITICS AND THE UNIVERSITY MAN

In the course of his address last week at the University of Toronto, Premier Ferguson issued a plea for more university men in public life. It is certainly a fact that few university students in Canada take more than a superficial interest in politics.

Some have suggested that the absence in Canada of speedy recognition of young men is the cause of this indifference, whereas in England it is a common occurrence for brilliant young college men to go almost direct from the halls of the universities to those of Parliament. We doubt whether the existence in Canada of similar opportunities would do any good. "You can lead a horse to water . . ."—so goes the old proverb and, in this instance, it would probably apply.

The cause of it no one has yet been able satisfactorily to suggest. A craving for political life is simply non-existent in the average college man in Canada. If we may presume to hazard an opinion on the question, it would be this—that the bitterness and insults which flourish on the political platform are one strong deterrent to university men, as they are to many other citizens. Language which, in a college society, would meet with instant and utter condemnation, is generally accepted as "the thing to do" in politics. General Smuts of South Africa is reported recently to have bemoaned the latter fact, and there are thousands who will agree with him.

If some of "the men in the public eye" adopted more ethical methods in their speeches, it might or might not increase the university man's interest in politics, but it would certainly increase his respect for political leaders.

OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

Educational procedure on the North American continent and particularly in the United States has long been subjected to criticism from the standpoint of European methods. The kindly meaning critics have not generally been kindly received; but that there is manifestly any present complacency on the part of American educators themselves is by no means the case.

"Are we, then, to accept with pusillanimous lack of spirit the implication that we must always scale down our education standards to the lower levels of public appreciation? . . ."

"Put the blame where you will, we have not developed in this country any general respect for scholarship as such . . ."

"Our procedure lacks not only simplicity but integrity. It is a sprawling, spineless profusion of educational 'opportunities' . . ."

"Our colleges, and, indeed our graduate schools, suffer from the disease that keeps our secondary schools permanently enfeebled—'credits,' the itch for credits, points, units . . ."

"Educationally we are a nation of credit hunters and degree worshippers."

"College professors, to be sure, are expected to know their subjects, although even that expectation has been weakened by the tendency to accept credentials and degrees as prima facie evidence of knowledge."

"There is much attention to processes and little assessment of results."

"They come to college prepared but with hardly the beginnings of an education."

These are only a few of the many, searching, downright criticisms of the educational situation. They



A young Frosh at Theatre Night discovered a new technique in long-distance xylophone playing. This might be developed into a true art. Here are some suggestions for its improvement:

1. For pianissimo, boil the beans soft.
2. For an arpeggio, blow a handful.
3. For extreme staccato work, bake the beans to a chip.
4. For most pleasant effect, hide the xylophone.

From the snake-dance's attitude towards Fords it must be a rattle-snake dance.

The first act was played almost in Greek style, with a very full chorus.

Critique

As dramatic critic I would slash the play for lack of realism. Too much kissing and drinking, you know. You never see anything like that in real life.

Once when girls went out to swim,
They dressed like Mother Hubbard.
Now they have a bolder whim,
They dress more like her cupboard.—Ex.

It is reported that such is the power of habit that one Freshie arises now at 1:30 a.m. every night and throws himself into the bathtub.

A Summer Idyll

It was a balmy day in summer. Torrid sun scorched the already baked earth. Meandering along the shady willowed bank of the river were John and Alys, enacting the time-honored role of Romeo and Juliet. The heat made the river very inviting, but alas! they had no bathing suits. They conceived the happy idea of separating, John going round a curve in the river. While plunging in natorial ecstasy, he lost his most fundamental garment, evilly stolen by a passing tramp. What was he to do? He had to take Alys home, and yet— It grew colder and colder. He shivered in perplexity and chilliness, and at last, in the extreme stress of the situation, he took paralysis.

The End.

Wanted—An animal trainer for the next Wauneita circus (male preferred).

The Manitoban requests that students comply with common decency to the extent of wearing neckties around the campus. Thank Heavens we are more conservative. The minimum here is a pair of pyjamas. Hip! hip!

Have you any snake-bite cure (Haig & Haig preferred) for the snake dance?

Famous last words: "I refuse to be tubbed."

Appropriate verse for Freshmen during Initiation Week:

"Wee Willie Winkle goes through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown."

Touchdown

Gourlay tucked the football under his arm with grim determination in his eye. In ten scant yards he would be across the line of safety. He twisted and dodged. Men lunged at him, but he kept on. He was just thinking, "I have made it," when the ball slipped from his grasp. The whistle blew.

Gourlay stopped, sighed, set down his kiddy-car, adjusted his parcels, cursed Santa Claus, picked up the football; the whistle blew again and the traffic was once more against him.

"Thank you for the kiss."
"The pressure was all mine."

He: "Do you know any parlor tricks?"
She: "I am not that kind of a girl."

"Have you seen Margaret's new dress?"
"No, what does it look like?"
"Well, in many places it looks just like Margaret."

are taken at random from two articles, "The Over-Population of the College" in 'Harper's' for October, by Dr. Angell, President of Yale, and "Chaos or Cosmos in American Education," by Dr. Holmes, Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

Our own educational system has so many points of contact with that of our neighbors, and our national point of view so much in common, that any reflections on their educational methods cannot fail to interest and eventually to influence us.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

"The old order passeth—" With the opening of the University this fall another strong, fully affiliated college takes its place on the campus. Welcome, St. Joseph's; may you flourish in our midst for innumerable aeons!

Perhaps the noteworthy feature of Initiation Week was the excellent spirit shown by the Freshmen. They took all their trials and tribulations in the same sporting spirit in which they were handed out.

Most years there are at least a few violent squawks among the newcomers, but this fall none of the new crop has come forward with the usual unnecessarily unpleasant recriminations. Extreme pessimists might attribute this fact to lack of backbone and independence, but The Gateway is firmly of the belief that the answer is that the Frosh are true sports.

Congratulations, Freshmen! Let's see you carry that spirit with you throughout your Varsity course and "forever after."

A SUMMARY

Following is a summary of part of the recent activities of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, which was formed last Christmas at the Montreal student convention.

A report on the Federation's plan of exchange of students between Canadian universities will be published in an early issue.

Reduced Railway Fares for Students.—The N.F.C.U.S. executive is still engaged collecting full details of the concessions granted students in this regard in Europe, United States and South Africa. As soon as it is complete it is planned to petition the Board of Railway Commissioners in Canada.

Insurance.—Two Canadian companies are studying special policies for personal effects for students. Full information on this matter is complete from the National Union of Students of the universities of England and Wales, which has made the greatest advances in this field.

Athletic Equipment.—Negotiations have been opened with the world's largest distributors of athletic equipment to supply same directly to Canadian universities at a special rate.

Bristol Congress.—The National Federation of Canadian University Students accepted the kind invitation of the National Union of England and Wales to send a representative to their annual Congress, which was held at Bristol late last spring. Mr. Eugene Forsey, 1927 Rhodes Scholar from McGill University, was accordingly appointed. This Congress was attended by some 600 students.

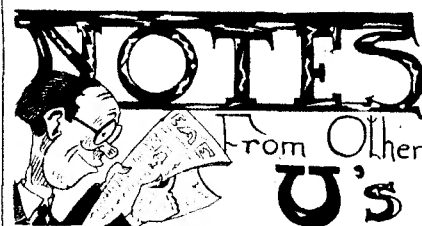
University Centennial Celebration.—The N.F.C.U.S. has accepted an invitation to be represented at the above celebration which commences early in October. Mr. L. I. Greene, President, will be present.

Debating Tours.

(a) Maritime Tour. — Arrangements have been concluded to send a team of two or three across Canada from the Maritimes in the New Year. This tour is being made at but very small cost to the universities concerned.

(b) Central Canada, N.S.F.A. Tour.—Negotiations are under way with the National Student Federation of America which will make possible a tour of three to be selected from the universities of Central Canada to cover one of the divisions of the N.S.F.A. Details have yet to be settled.

Membership.—To date, the following have officially joined the N.F.C.U.S.: Universities of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Western Ontario, McMaster, Toronto, Queens, Ontario Agricultural College, McGill, Bishops, New Brunswick, Acadia. Five other Canadian colleges are in touch with this office and expect to arrive at a decision early in Fall.



Saskatchewan Memorial

Construction of the University Memorial Gates at the main entrance is under way. This is a memorial for those from the U. who died in the Great War.—The Sheaf.

Bourassa thrills Varsity audience with eloquence.—The Sheaf.

Initiation at McGill

Initiation of Freshmen at McGill takes the form of a monster pep rally. There will be no hazing, and all students and all faculties meet with perfect equality of status.—McGill Daily.

Annual Pep Rally

Annual pep rally at McGill Daily will be the opening social affair among the men students.—McGill Daily.

Petition for Frats

Eight groups petition frats. Although no chapters have been installed, the Faculty have approved the application.—The Hornet, Furman U., Greenville, S.C.

Student Parade

The Centenary committee announced that the student parade in this connection will be over a mile and a half in length—will contain some forty floats and over 600 undergrads.—The Toronto Varsity.

Bells for Carillon Installed

The Alumni Federation have had a carillon installed in Soldiers' Tower. The carillon is unsurpassed, and includes a two-faced clock to strike the hours, and is a gift of the alumni.—The Varsity, Toronto.

Freshmen Entertained

The Law men entertained law Freshmen at a dinner. Arts Sophomores entertained at Freshette party.—The Manitoban.

Interfaculty Track Meet

The Meds will try to hold the shield at the Interfaculty Track meet. A good crowd is necessary to enable the athletic directorate to send the team to Edmonton.—The Manitoban.

A Semi-Centennial Celebration

An extensive and interesting programme has been arranged for the visiting alumni in connection with the celebration. Honorary degrees will be conferred.—The Manitoban.

S.C.M. Conference

A three-day program has been arranged for a conference at Manitoba University. Miss Gertrude Ruthford, Dr. Ernest Thompson of Toronto, and Dr. R. C. Wallace will lead discussions on student problems.—The Manitoban.

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The Lit. Welcomes Freshmen

It has been remarked innumerable times that when a student goes to university he or she finds a great many diversified activities into which to enter. First and foremost is the scholastic side and its attainment required by the institution; and secondly, the various athletic and literary activities which are engendered in the main by the students themselves and are the ramifications of that energy, both physical and mental, for which students all over the world are noted.

A spirit of welcome has been inculcated into the Initiation Program this year, and we wish to reiterate that spirit and invite all the members of the Freshman Class to the Literary Association. As outlined in the Handbook, every student is, ipso facto, a member of this Association, and we wish each one to take advantage of this fact.

Four Clubs

The Literary Association is composed of four clubs: The Dramatic Society, the Debating Society, the Glee Club and the Orchestra, all carrying on a full program during the Varsity year.

For those who are interested in debating, whether or not they have hitherto participated in forensic contests, there are regular bi-monthly interfaculty debates and open forums

wherein everyone has an opportunity in taking part in the discussion.

The Dramatic Society, by means of interyear plays, regular monthly meetings at which plays are read and discussed, and the Year Play in March offers ample opportunity for

PRESIDENT OF THE LIT.



SHIRLEY G. MACDONALD, B.A.
Law '28, President of the Literary Association

budding Henry Irvings and Ellen Terrys to further their education in dramatic art.

The Orchestra, conducted by Mrs. J. B. Carmichael, and The Glee Club, under the leadership of Mr. L. H. Nichols, offer ample scope to the young musician or singer to carry on his musical training.

The successes in the past have always urged these clubs to strive "ad alitiores", and we again repeat our welcome in order that you of the incoming class may join in and thus materially aid in making the University a more interesting and better place in which to live.

MODELLING CLUB

MAY BE FORMED

Provided that a sufficient number of students are interested, arrangements will be made to carry on a Modelling Club for practice in decorative and sculptural modelling, under the direction of Major Frank Norbury, sculptor.

It will probably be necessary to charge a fee of about five dollars. One period per week would be arranged for tuition and criticism, and students would have opportunities for work at other times. The formation of the club will necessarily depend on the number that will be willing to take part in the work.

All interested please apply to Prof. C. S. Burgess or to Prof. J. Adam.

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FRESHETTE CIRCUS VIES WITH BARNUM

Fantastic Costumes and Exotic Acts Feature Freshette Entertainment

The annual Freshette Circus, which was held in Convocation Hall on Friday, October 7th, afforded some very amusing spectacles. The Freshettes, garbed in every conceivable type of costume, rendered an entertainment which was praiseworthy on account of its extreme drollness. The announcer, Miss Hesperia Aylesworth, introduced the performers with considerable skill and originality. The program opened with a grand march which afforded the onlookers ample opportunity to see the costumes, which were greeted with a great deal of laughter. Then the world-famous Sousa's (Elsie's) Band delighted the audience with "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." Succeeding the band was the peanut race. The four clowns who took part in the race enjoyed phenomenal success. The winner, Miss Mary Murray, was presented with an apple. Following was an animal demonstration. The bears, elephants and monkeys which performed were trained with unquestionable skill, and were greeted with shrieks of delight. The ballet dancers who followed wore charming, colorful costumes, and danced with ease and grace. Sousa's Band again honored their very appreciative audience with a selection, namely, "Old Black Joe." With a whirl of cartwheels and hand springs the lithe, supple acrobats leaped on the stage. This act was performed with surprising rapidity and cleverness. The ninth number on the program, the fat women's Charleston, was greeted with applause and loud bursts of hilarious laughter. Following this the Siamese Twins rendered a solo-duet, which was succeeded by an Indian Pow-wow danced to the tom-toms.

Then an English jockey gave an exhibition, and the Bearded Woman sang a charming little song called "The Alphabet." The ensuing number on the program, "Ain't She Sweet," was rendered by the famous band. This was followed by four Hawaiian maids, who danced a Hula dance, displaying graceful form and talent. The concluding number on the program was a song, "I Wish I Were a Fish," sung by three pretty and mysterious little fortune tellers. Lollypops were given to all the Freshettes taking part. The delightful function was brought to a suitable close by the singing of "God Save the King."

Then it seemed to the awed Freshmen that pandemonium had broken loose, and that chaos and destruction ruled the world. And over and above the din numerous frightened voices made themselves audible calling for the doctor, while heavy, lifeless bodies ever and anon could be heard

TORONTO VARSITY HONORS DR. TORY

University of Toronto Holds Centenary Celebration

Two features were outstanding in the University of Toronto's Centenary Celebration on October 7th. The first was the speech by Premier G. H. Ferguson, of Ontario, on "Aspects of Canadian History Since Confederation" in Convocation Hall, and the second was the special convocation this afternoon at which honorary degrees were conferred upon more than a score of distinguished visitors.

The rest of the functions were mainly social and concluded with a centenary ball for delegates, guests and graduates. Among those on whom honorary degrees of Doctor of Law were conferred were George Herbert Ling, Dean of the Faculty of Arts of the University of Saskatchewan, and Henry Tory, President of the University of Alberta. Hon. Vincent Massey, minister from Canada to the United States, His Honor W. D. Ross, Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, and Hon. Howard Ferguson, Premier of Ontario.

The degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred on Prof. Stephen Leacock, of McGill University.

Freshman Initiation Replete With Excitement

Annual Initiatory Song and Dance Conducted and Taken in Good Spirit—Pushball Fight as Usual

Under the direction of Ernie Lewis and his colleagues in crime (as the Frosh thought them) that event which admits the new students into University life took place in the upper gymnasium of Athabasca Hall from 5 to 9 a.m. last Saturday.

Since the previous Sunday the industrious Freshmen, stunningly decorated with caps and badges which they had been made to buy at post-war prices, and compelled to wear with war-time force, had been constrained to polish pre-war shoes. This occupation had been to a certain extent relieved by carrying peculiarly heavy trunks, meeting trains never on time, taking baths far more frigid than cleansing, and running races with most disastrous consequences to the loser.

The Zero Hour

It was therefore with smiles of pleasure that the resident Freshies welcomed the Sophomores who so kindly rolled them out of bed at 4:20 Saturday morning. As they pulled their pyjamas over their other clothes they congratulated one another on the fact that never again would they have to turn out in their sleeping apparel during the darkest hour of the night to entertain grinning Sophomores with songs, dances, recitations and leap-frog contests.

Into the lower gymnasium swarmed class '31 at 5 o'clock, and shortly all were securely blindfolded and seated on the floor. While the committee on torture was absent preparing the last stages for the reception of the unfortunates, sections of whispered conversation, such as "Ouch! get off my leg," "I hereby make my last will and test," "Betcha they are going to have mustard for—," were audible from every corner. But all was hushed when in a sepulchral tone a voice said:

"You're first, Freshie,"

and the feet of the victim could be heard skuffing away into the terrible unknown.

End of the World

Then it seemed to the awed Freshmen that pandemonium had broken loose, and that chaos and destruction ruled the world. And over and above the din numerous frightened voices made themselves audible calling for the doctor, while heavy, lifeless bodies ever and anon could be heard

WHY STUDENTS LIE ABOUT THEIR CLASS WORK

What makes students lie about their class work? Apparently (says the Ohio State Lantern), it is the accepted rule of student etiquette or the style for students to pretend that they are doing no studying and no work of any kind when they are. They say they have done no work at all when they have spent hours on it; they say they have done no assigned reading when they have perused volumes; they say they have not started to work on a thesis when they have half finished it; they say they flunked a mid-term when they feel sure that they will get A or B on it. Why that is the custom is hard to say, but it may be that when the student does well after bragging that he has done little work, it is that much more of an achievement, and consequently he receives that much more honor. Whatever the motivating influence, the habit is harmless enough except to those few exceptional ones that believe the stories and try to emulate the tellers of them. Their's is a rude awakening.

COURT APPOINTMENT

J. A. Matheson, B.A., Law '28, has been appointed to the position of Clerk of the Students' Court.

Co-Ed Impressions

WHY I HATE RUGBY

We all hate rugby, but not one of us will admit the fact. "Wonderful game," say the pseudo-enthusiasts—"thrilling sport." But where are they when the pigskin is being punished? Not on the grid, but parked close beside one of Mr. McCoppen's nice cosy heaters, studying rugby from College Humor. Going to the gory game is like taking a cold shower—we all pretend we like the agony for fear the gang will think we're pikers. I hate rugby because there's so much hypocrisy about it.

Look at the victim himself, who grunts and sweats amid the turmoil. Does he enjoy it? Possibly, if he has an interest in the beef steak or bandage business, and wants Lulu to see what a he-man he is.

Now focus your gaze upon the gallery. Of course, the so-called game is always perpetrated on the coldest, rawest day of the fall, when the girls' noses turn lavender, and the boys wonder if mother was right, after all, about those flannels. Well, they stick around, and after an interminable succession of fumbles, falls and fights, somebody gets hurt. This is a reasonable diversion. The crowd, who a moment before had been wondering what to wear to the dance that night or how to get out of taking English, now become interested in the game.

"Who's hurt?" they clamor anxiously.

"Oh, Hal Soccem," says the man who understands rugby.

"Is he hurt badly?" the co-eds want to know.

"Nothing serious—only his neck broken." And Soccem is carried from the field, mangled to make a

TRUE CONFESSIONS

"Is this rugby?" she gaspingly murmured. A big, inflated plum pudding came tumbling into the rugby field and was seized with harsh shrieks by funny little men in green and gold caps. Some superior beings got on the other side of the plum pudding thing, and everybody pushed and fought till someone yelled, "We've won."

"Dumbness—that's a pushball," growled a male neighbor. "Here come the teams, now." Then some green and white and gold effigies rushed onto the field. But they weren't stuffed figures, after all. What gave that appearance was winter underwear, the male neighbor explained, as their mothers were very particular on that point.

Anyhow, the underwear effigies put a sort of egg thing in their midst. After a few mathematical remarks, they all jumped on it. It didn't burst, so they tried again. They ran round with it, playing tag, and then kicked it before the next person hung lovingly round their ankles. When all were nearly exhausted, an Irishman and somebody called "Tree"—is that right?—got mad and kicked the thing themselves.

Everybody, including the she and the male neighbor, yelled, so our side won. The excited she talks wisely now of "grumbles, hips, tickles and rouge," while the male neighbor looks on with scorn. Maybe he is crossed in love, or hasn't done his Latin. But, at any rate, this is a true account of the rugby game.

Varsity holiday.

As I was saying, we all pretend we like rugby—what's that? Did I go to the game Saturday? Boy, I wouldn't have missed it for worlds!

position on an operating table, where various ailments requiring fly-paper on the chest, axle grease on the stomach, and tooth-paste down the throat were properly administered to. An electrical shock completed the work of this department, and he was led downstairs once more for his final treatment—green kalsomine shampoo on the hair.

Then, his eyes uncovered, he watched from the gallery with evident pleasure the process which he had undergone, as it was practised on his fellow-sufferers.

When the last unwilling applicant had tested the beneficial effects of green kalsomine as a scalp remedy and hair beautifier, the various apparatus were removed, and a welcome breakfast, in the form of coffee, a roll and an apple each, quickly appeared and as quickly disappeared.

Then a snake-dance of Freshmen, interrupted occasionally for practice yells, was held in front of Pembina, and the crowd dispersed.

There were many rumors that the Freshmen were going to get their revenge on the Sophomores during the pushball game in the afternoon. However, nothing of the kind happened: the Freshmen won indeed; but though there were many individual bickerings, in the general melee the spirit was of the best.

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SPORTS



SASK.-ALBERTA TENNIS AFFRAY

Great Contest Assured on Varsity
Courts Friday

A match between Alberta and Saskatchewan has finally been definitely arranged, and the Alberta club is expecting its guests early Friday morning. The games will all be played on the University courts behind Pembina Hall. Starting at 10 a.m., a game of mixed doubles and two games of singles, one of men's and one of ladies', will be played. At 1:30 the games of men's and ladies' doubles will be contested, and following those, the two remaining games of men's and ladies' singles.

All of last season's Saskatchewan team are expected. The playing of McMillan, a provincial champion, and of Bence, a fast and spectacular port-sider, will be well remembered, as well as that of Miss McKenzie, this year's provincial champion.

Owing to the late opening of the University, the club tournament here is just started, and the following players have been selected to play off amongst themselves in order that a team may be picked:

Men—Bob Prittie, D. Nicol, J. Matheson, M. McCallum and four others.

Ladies—Misses K. Howes, F. Frost and D. White.

ON UNIVERSITY DAY



The above photographs show two of the ways in which the students celebrated University Field Day last Saturday. The top picture is the finish of the girls' 100-yard dash, showing Ethel Barnett's perfect running form as she finished two yards ahead of Dolly McLeod. The lower shot is of a Varsity kick formation in the rugby game. At the extreme right Johnny Woods is just receiving the ball preparatory to kicking,

in front of him Power and Shandro can be seen holding back the charging Saskatchewan line, while in the foreground Begg is doing his best to evade a determined U. of S. end who is trying to clip him. Mutchmore got away clear, passing immediately in front of the camera an instant before the picture was taken. Referee Moe Lieberman is watching the play closely.

Fighting Spirit Pulls Green and Gold Through

Obee's Touchdown Saves Game—"Hank," "Mutch," "D.P." and "Pal" Do Great Tackling—Capt. Bob Hill Injured—Superior Condition Tells

The first game of the Western Canada Intercollegiate Rugby series, which took place at the Varsity Grid on Saturday, was an unqualified success from the standpoint of suspense and close scoring. Although Varsity emerged the victor with a score of 11 to 7, the score can hardly be used to indicate the relative strength of the teams, as the numerous breaks in the game might just as well have left victory with the green and white. However, as both teams were composed largely of raw material, and as it was the first game of the season, fumbles and disorganized play were only to be expected. Making all due allowances for such a situation, the play was entirely satisfactory from a spectator's standpoint, as it was characterized by thrills and suspense from beginning to end.

Sask Has Better Finish
The boys from Saskatchewan, fielding a smoothly operating rugby machine, showed some fine form in the first quarter, and backed the homesters to their own goal line. This vigorous attack was featured by the runs of Leslie and the kicking of Graham, both of whom played the stellar roles for Sask. throughout the game. Utilizing a bewildering extension play, they repeatedly made yards.

Alberta's play was streaky. Their occasional flashes of brilliant rugby were marred by frequent fumbles in the backfield, but on the whole their offensive tackling was harder and lower than that of their opponents, who seemed averse to leaving their feet. Saskatchewan, taking advantage of their extension plays, assumed the lead by kicking to Hill, who was rouged behind his own line. Shortly after this they increased the lead when Graham placed a nice drop kick between the bars from 30 yards out.

That Undying Spirit
From the kick-off, Varsity seemed

to gain spirit, and by dint of some brilliant line plunging by Runge and Begg, they forced the visitors into their own territory. At this time Hill was replaced by Woods, the former having sustained an injury to his leg after taking a terrific battering from the opposing side, while forging through for yards. Woods maneuvered his team into position for a drop-kick, and with thirty seconds to go he placed a long kick between the bars, netting his team three badly-needed points. When the whistle blew for half time, the score stood: Saskatchewan 4, Varsity 3.

The Tide Turns
On the resumption of play, Saskatchewan kicked to Alberta, who from this time forward seemed to be getting the upper hand, but were being severely handicapped by fumbles and off-side penalties. It was in this period that the condition of the two teams became evident. In spite of some brilliant playing by the halves of both sides, no score was made in this spasm. Gowda, Mutchmore, D. P. MacDonald and "Pal" Powers were doing some deadly tackling.

In the last quarter a fumbled ball by Woods gave Saskatchewan possession on Alberta's twenty-five yard line, and Graham took advantage by placing a neat drop between the uprights. After the kick-off, however, Saskatchewan was stopped well back in their own territory, and it was evident that Varsity intended to keep them there, as O'Brien and Powers were tearing great gaps in the line of the opposition, and frequently galloped for yards. It was equally evident that the gruelling pace was beginning to tell on the visitors. Relief men were going and coming after practically every play, and their change from a running game, which had hitherto been producing big results, to less effective bucking tactics could spell nothing but a lack of condition in the backfield.

A Fatal Weakening
It was at this critical period that a momentary weakening of the Saskatchewan secondary defence enabled O'Brien to make his smashing run of twenty-five yards for a touchdown. Although Woods failed to convert, Varsity supporters were breathing more easily, as the score now read 8 to 7 in favor of the Green and Gold. With only seven minutes to go, Saskatchewan threw the game open, and attempted some on-side kicks and delayed plays, one of which was all but successful. Graham, faking a kick, broke away from all but the two backfield men, who brought him down about ten yards out. A brilliant run by Powers and a fortunate break when Woods at-

tempted to return a kick, finally relieved the pressure. Fighting their way down the field, the local boys again backed their opponents against their own goal posts, and Woods put the game on ice by placing his second drop of the game in the required place. The fracas ended with Saskatchewan vainly bucking an immovable line, and the honors had gone to the better-conditioned team.

The officials on the field were Moe Lieberman and Red McCall, who both gave entire satisfaction in their handling of a difficult game.

Those who did their bit on the side-lines were Larry Piper, C. Morrison, W. Siebert, A. Jones, C. Laverty and W. Porteous.

The teams lined up as follows:

Saskatchewan—
Halves: Graham, Leslie, Thierren, Reeve.

Quarter: Riches.

Snap: Grattias.

Insides: Thackeray, Dempsey.

Middles: Carpenter, W. Graham.

Ends: Collins, Shaw.

Subs: Alexander, Bradford, McNab, McNeil, Wensley.

Alberta—
Halves: O'Brien, Begg, Power, Mutchmore.

Quarter: Hill.

Snap: Galbraith.

Insides: McCallum, Gourlay.

Middles: Runge, Shandro.

Ends: MacDonald, Gibson.

Subs: Woods, McLean, Herron, Gowda, Backman, Menzies, Huxley.

Provincial Record Made At Varsity Track Meet

Gladys Fry Provincial High Jump Champion—Pharmedents Again Interfaculty Champions—Fritz Werthenbach and Ethel Barnett Win Individual Championship Crowns—Wind and Track Against Records

The Pharmedent aggregation of timber leapers, spry sprinters and hefty hurriers left the other aspiring faculties in the dungeons on Saturday, October 8th, when it won the interfaculty track meet championship with an amassed total of seventy-seven points. Arts stood second with 25 counters, and Ag-Sci nosed out Com-Law for third rank with a total

of ten. The interfaculty relay also went to the pill and forceps experts. Len Cockle gathered up the three weight events and the javelin with ease. Crookford, a tall streak from the south country, was first to touch the tape in the middle distance canter, while Chas. Reid was easy winner of the three-mile race. Fritz Werthenbach, Western Intercollegiate Track champion, won the men's individual championship with 24 points. Miss Ethel Barnett, of Edmonton, Provincial champion, upheld her reputation as an all-round athlete when she, too, captured the women's championship with an aggregate 24 points. A strong north wind and a heavy track made good times or distances out of the question.

Gladys Fry Makes Record
When Varsity's star basketball player appeared on the grid garbed in track costume, no one dreamed that she would do more than make things difficult for other fair competitors. But when the time for the high jump arrived Gladys skipped up to the bar and leaped a loftier leap than any other girl in the province. Her mark read 4ft. 6½ in., meaning that she has attained an inch and a-half nearer Heaven than did the fair champion in 1926. Ethel Barnett, with a bound of 4ft. 5½ in. also beat the 1926 record.

At Nine Forty-five
Crack! Coach Tait's gun spat fire, and four lithe bodies sprang forward

(Continued on Page 6)

FIRST INTERFAC FRACAS FRIDAY

Teams Show Up Big in Practice—Keen Struggle Expected

Speculation runs rife over inter-faculty rugby this year. Nobody knows and everybody wants to know whether there will be a three or four-team league. The main idea is to have a rugby league in which every team is strong and in which the competition will be so keen that the outcome will be uncertain. The Pharmedents proved their strength last year, as did the Aggies; but due to some misfortune, the Com-Laws and Arts lost every game. And so every indication is that the latter will combine to prove a thorn in the flesh of their rivals.

And judging by the workouts, everything is going full-blast. The Aggies under the leadership of Larry Piper are shaping their line into splendid condition while their punting promises to bring them many yards on the days of battle.

Then the Arts-Com-Law seem stronger than ever. More than half the prospective team is composed of last year's men, who, though as a unit did none too well, as individuals were in great form. Under the coaching of "Johnny" Cassels, star quarterback on Varsity's senior squad three years ago, they should be heard from much more than in previous years.

The Pharmedents, too, are shaping well; which all in all, goes to show that this year's race for the shield will not be a duel, but will prove a hotly contested triangular struggle, in which the victory will be one well-merited.

The first fracas takes place down on the Grid on Friday, when the Arts-Com-Law bunch and the Ag-Sci gang lock horns in frightful combat. Come down and root, ye supporters of the cause—and be assured of seeing a thrilling contest.

FACULTY GOLF BRINGS UPSETS

A. W. Matthews Holding His Own Against Close Field

George Bernard Shaw's well-known phrase "You Never Can Tell" has proved true again, and this time in the field of golf. Down at the Mayfair Golf and Country Club the battle for the faculty golf title is advancing to the fourth round.

A Great Match
Two of these matches for entrance to the fourth round were more or less upsets. In the upper half of the draw, D. E. Cameron defeated F. Owen, one up, after eighteen extra holes of play. Dr. Ower, perhaps the most ardent and enthusiastic representative of the faculty at Mayfair this summer, was putting up a good brand of golf, and he, with a handicap of 7, was conceded better than an even chance to defeat his opponent, Mr. D. E. Cameron, a 2 handicap man. But fate willed otherwise, and after a great extra-hole fight, Mr. Owen succumbed to the steadiness of the Librarian.

Another match which produced a surprise was Dr. Leitch's advance into the fourth round by downing Dr. L. G. Williamson. Dr. Leitch carried a 12 handicap against Dr. Williamson's 2, but the latter produced stiff opposition all the way before Dr. Leitch finally won out.

Favourite Comes Through
A. "Whit" Matthews, Pharmacy's strong bet, and favorite to repeat his win of last year, won his fourth round match by the narrowest of margins. Mr. Matthews is a scratch player, and pitted against Prof. P. S. Warren, 12 handicap, he had to produce his best golf to win out one up. The other match for entrance into the fourth round was a tussle between Architecture and Mining Engineering, represented respectively by Prof. C. S. Burgess and Dr. Alan Cameron. The representative of Architecture was finally undermined, and thus two men from the clan of Camerons will meet for entrance into the semi-finals.

The weather man has hindered the progress of the tournament, so that the other matches to complete the fourth round have not yet come off. These were to have been finished on the 5th of October. However, with a promise of ideal golfing weather, slicer and hooks will come into their own again, and in the near future the next University champion will be crowned.

SWIMMING CLUB IN FOR SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Arrangements are being made by the executive of the Swimming Club with the Y.W.C.A. for dates when the club as a whole, both men and women, may go in for a splash. While there is nothing absolutely definite as yet, it is hoped that the club will be afforded the use of their splendid pool on every other Wednesday evening commencing on October 19th. An opportunity like this is certain to make the Swimming Club one of the most successful in the University. Further announcement will be made later on the bulletin boards.

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STATISTICS

Statistics have replaced the rack and thumbscrew. Instead of having thumbs twisted out of shape the unbeliever is assailed with the permutations and combinations of the Arabic numerals. In these days of Scientific Exactitude we have developed a mania for expressing everything in figures. In most cases these seem to reflect the prejudices of the compilers with perfect accuracy, however rightly or wrongly they may represent their ostensible subjects.

There are two kinds of statisticians: the logical and the psychological. The original psychological statistician was Barnum, who, after years of research, was able to make the statement that "There's a sucker born every minute." This devastating scientific fact has since abundantly justified itself by impelling many hundreds of lesser followers to imitate Barnum's statistical method. Thus:

4 out of 5 have halitosis.
Every 2 1/2 seconds someone buys somebody's tire.

58% of all clothes worn in Alberta are made by someone.

84 chances out of 100 of not getting a puncture.

99.9% pure.

The list may be extended by keeping open the eyes.

A New Species
The psychological statistician we have but recently encountered; the

logical statistician we have always had with us. And what of the fruits of his researches? Consider tobacco. After reading the statistics thereon one is inclined to the belief that Tennyson, Carlyle, Cromwell and a host of others might have arisen to some place of eminence in the history of their country if their brains had not been permanently damaged by the vile weed.

Consider, again, the goats of the field: they diet not, neither do they weigh the vitamin content of the various articles of apparel suspended from the clothes lines; yet not even Dr. McCoy in all his orange juice has the digestive facility of one of these. We yet await statistics from the vegetarians bearing on the effect of a meat diet on tigers, Esquimaux and other carnivores.

Statistics have proved that fresh air is absolutely necessary for the proper functioning of a respiratory system. We may therefore conclude that bears, woodchucks and Central Europeans, all of whom den up in airless confinement, are so very unhealthy that we may doubt whether they really exist.

We are told that alcohol is detrimental to brain and sinew. Endless statistics have been compiled to show that it greatly reduces human efficiency. It is even possible that were it not for the terrible inroads on the national vitality of the British that race might have risen to a dominant position in the world, and might even have extended its sway to embrace an empire larger than any conceived by the mind of man. Woe unto the Mohammedans, that paragon of abstemious races, should they be seduced by the inventions of the alcoholic races; then and only then will their supremacy in the world today be challenged. Long before the Bolsheviks got hold of Russia the statisticians got her. During the war the sale of alcoholic drinks was forbidden. This was followed by a remarkable increase in national efficiency.

as all the world knows. The mind recoils in horror from contemplating what might have happened had the Tsar not taken the advice of his statisticians; the Russians might well never have won the war for us, and she might well have been plunged into a revolution whose ever-widening circle might have embraced the whole world.

How often have the nations been convulsed by the controversy of Free Trade? It has been proved that no state has ever benefitted by free trade or may ever hope to so benefit. Free trade has dragged down Britain to the depths of economic confusion. In like manner the United States and Germany have been terribly crippled by their insane listening to the statistical howlings of the Protective Tariffers.

We may conclude with the statisticians that figures can not lie; we may add, and we need no statistics to guide us, that liars often figure, and figure pretty largely.

BECAUSE

By Philo

The other day I asked a young lady why she had just changed her mind. "Oh," she replied, "because." I smiled and said, as men so often do, "A woman's answer!" My friend smiled sweetly. "It is, isn't it? You know, you men, who make such a fuss and to-do about your inability to understand women, make me tired!" I paused a moment to contemplate and admire the direct and incisive quality of this remark. "Tired?" I replied, by way of appearing to be nettled. "So often that tired feeling is just laziness." But my companion appeared unruffled. I sensed an ominous calm.

"Listen, friend," she went on, in a business-like tone, "you who know nothing about women, listen and learn somewhat. When a woman thinks—oh, don't smile; they really do, at times—when a woman thinks, she does not sit down with a log table and slide rule to solve her problem. That is the man's manly method. Man is a logical creature. Life to him is a syllogism: major premise, minor premise, conclusion. Sometimes there are a few complexities lurking in the background, but they are mere details, and are ruled out. Everything is as neat and exact as an architect's plans. The problem; its solution; one, two, three; result; the whole is waterproof, fool-proof, all but woman-proof. Ever notice how a man shrinks from showing his pet theories to a woman? That is, of course, when he is not in love with her. Then the man, with a sprightly air of originality, will attempt to put his theory into practice. What is that line of Brownings? 'Oh that a man's reach should exceed his grasp!'"

"But a woman goes about it differently. She doesn't know the meaning of 'rule of hand'. She senses her problem and then mentally gropes. There may be several ways of approach toward a solution. Suddenly she cries, 'Eureka, I have found it,' or words to that effect, selects one of the possible ways of solution, and solves her problem. The main feature of the woman's way is, 'it works!'"

My fair instructor paused for breath. "You shouldn't talk so fast," I said, "you lose poise by doing that. But there is one point of your little lesson which still leaves me puzzled. When your woman adopts one of the several possible ways of solution, why does she adopt this or that particular one and not another?" "Why," countered my friend, "Oh," with a shrug of her shoulders, "just because." "Dear me," I remarked, and gave up the struggle.

"Say, listen," I was commanded caustically. "Can't you see that the woman works with—what is it the psychologists call it?—intuition? I call it a hunch. All the logic in the world can't beat a hunch. Intuition has nothing to do with logic. That's why, when a woman changes her mind, she says she does it 'just because.' She doesn't know herself why she does. But she knows she does it with a purpose."

"But a man—bless the creature!—must have his logic. Of course, men use intuition too, at times, but they fool themselves into thinking that they do not. Especially when then change their minds. It would damage a man's proud egoism to admit that he didn't know why he changed his mind. So he sits down with his log table and slide rule again and doctors up some crazy, senseless excuse and calls that his reason, no matter whether it has any bearing on the subject in hand or not. The only difference between men and women in this regard is one of honesty. The woman has the courage to be honest."

I pondered these words of wisdom in my mind for some time. Then one night at a vaudeville show I heard sung that duet from Victor Herbert's light opera "The Red Mill," "Only Because You Are You." "Because"—there was that confounded word again!

"Not that you are fair, dear,
Not that you are true,
Not your golden hair, dear,
Nor your eyes of blue.
When we ask the reason,
Words are all too few,
Just because I love you, dear,
Because you're you."

I thought to myself, "That girl was right. Logic isn't what it is cracked up to be." I tried to think of some of the people that I liked and some that I disliked. And I tried to reason out the causes for my likes and dislikes. But it wouldn't work, somehow. There were too many complications or something. And I came to the conclusion then and there that intuition is a thing that it might be well to cultivate. Perhaps it is.

Readers, I suppose, will wonder whether these ramblings were written by a man or a girl. But the female readers will know. How do I know that they will know? Oh, just because.

NOTES FOR WOMEN

THE TRUTH ABOUT ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

History is mainly the record of the evolution of the technique by the female of putting one over on the male.

Twenty or more years ago the women who had by some miracle learned to talk faster and louder than the rest demanded woman suffrage as the means by which they could secure their emancipation from the economic slavery imposed upon them by man. Since then they have got the vote, they have insinuated themselves into most of the respectable trades and callings, and they have put themselves in a position of economic independence.

They have got what they wanted. Well, what are they doing with it? Bless your heart and soul, nothing, absolutely nothing! They would be false to their nature if, after getting what they wanted, they wanted it any longer. But would they be willing to revert to their former position? Hardly: in fact, positively not! Women never did want, do not want, and never will want, to be economically independent of men. Their scheme was one of shrewd subtlety, profundity and resource.

Single Women

A few single women, who are sufficiently sincere (and often sufficiently plain), find virtue in the necessity of adopting an attitude of economic independence, and this independence grows more virtuous from being supported by a few restless women of less sincerity (or more charm). But an overwhelming majority of the women who are potentially independent are supremely content to sponge on the men for everything that makes life liveable. The amount of money spent by women who can afford the outlay on automobiles, gasoline, theatres, concerts, picture shows, dances, carnivals, skating rinks, dinners, suppers, and chocolates—in short, the amenities of life—would scarcely suffice to keep the vendors of these wares out of the bankruptcy court. Neither do the women forego the enjoyment of these amenities, for they will gladly suffer a man to spend his last dollar on them for Her sake; nor is Her enjoyment of them diminished by the reflection that in Her purse is all Her week's wages except so much

INITIATION

By a Freshie

So brightly, so hopefully, so care-free we came. How good life seemed. How full of opportunity to do something helpful and good. Some of us almost felt that Varsity would be a brighter and a better place once we were there. Things might have to be changed a little, of course, but it would take time and patience. For, after all, a "Soph" is only a "Soph"—and wow! Some of us came humbly too. No, not crawling. No Freshie will crawl. Rather we were willing, and a little apprehensive. Altogether we were a hopeful crowd.

That was some days ago. The heads once held so high have dropped a little. The tender hands have blisters on them—trunks, you know, from main floor, Athabasca, to third floor, Assiniboia. The curly locks, once mother's pride, are shorn. And when at last our kind Soph nurses tuck us in our little beds and we lay the little manly heads down, do we sleep? Perhaps. Generally we are up in ten minutes, to run many hundreds of miles, yell till our voices are gone, toss medicine balls around; this and much more—for exercise. Thoughtful Sophomores, gentle Sophomores! How we love them!

And food. We like our food. But how they rush us. How sadly we have watched half our dinners go untouched because our seniors can eat so much more rapidly. But we are learning. Some day we too will do it in ten seconds flat—if we don't starve to death before that. In the meantime, many of our number have sought solace in cheese and crackers—coarse, it is true, but filling. As the redoubtable "Geo" remarked on seeing a Freshman literally supercharged with ginger ale, "Whither are we drifting?"

Still we are hoping for better things. We are finding our way about. The verdant hue is wearing off. The rubbed spots are raw, but will harden shortly. We will yet be gathered in as real college men and cease being mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

"To toil that we may sleep,
That better we may toil.
To toil that we may eat,
That better we may toil."
As for next year's Freshmen—Grrrr!

Dear Old College Days

I'm young and imprudent,
A "gay college student"
(At least I would like to be gay).
A yearn in my heart is
For wild zippy parties
That go on—and on, night and day.

I'd travel some distance
To join the existence
Which all college stories portray,
With naughty romances,
Jazz, cocktails and dances,
But how do the yarns get that way?

For in every college
Of which I have knowledge
A student at times must appear,
In lab. or in classes,
Or else, as time passes,
They'll toss the kid out on his ear.

I'd love imitating
His life scintillating,
Whatever the school he is at.
I long for such glories,
But—save in the stories,
There ain't no rich college as that!

times opulent, slavery without once yearning for the condition of comfortable, and sometimes opulent, independence. And by holding over her husband's head the threat of her potential earning power and its implication of economic independence she is able to secure her economic dependence on him.

Dutch Re-treat

Few of the students of this University have money to burn. Certainly the men have no more than the women. Can any sane reason be given why, in these days of implied sex equality, the burden of paying for amusements should fall solely on the men?

If the feminist movement had naif as much sincerity as it did have fury; if sex equality were not a fundamental myth—women would be a little too modest to expect financial handouts from the men, and a little too proud to accept them.

—T.B.T.



20

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NEW COLLEGE FOR GIRLS RUMORED

\$150,000 Building Would Be Connected With St. Joseph's

Another big college building is being considered in connection with plans for the University campus next year. This is a structure, costing between \$150,000 and \$200,000, which would be utilized as a girls' college in connection with St. Joseph's Catholic College which was opened this term.

The proposition has already been under consideration for some time and it is likely to be dealt with at an early meeting of the board of governors of this institution. In some quarters, it is felt very likely that this girls' college will be erected in 1928. It would be a complete building in every way and afford accommodation for 100 students. In view of numerous applications that have been received from prospective students, it is felt certain that the enrollment would be heavy.

Rev. Brother Rogation, Rector of St. Joseph's College, stated that the new building is now full to capacity, having 100 students, and many are on the waiting list.

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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Watch For Debate With Minnesota!

The Gateway and the Debating Society have made arrangements for the second Correspondence Debate. Our opponents on this occasion will be The Daily Minnesotan, published by the students of the University of Minnesota.

Last session, as Gateway readers will remember, the Dalhousie University Gazette and The Gateway introduced the correspondence debate idea by a debate in their columns on Compulsory Lecture Attendance. The judges were the editors-in-chief of all the Canadian college papers, who gave the decision to Dalhousie's representatives by a vote of 8 to 6.

Added zest will be given to this session's debate by its international nature, and by the fact that The Minnesotan is the largest college daily in the world.

The subject of debate and the personnel of the teams will be announced later.

PROVINCIAL RECORD MADE AT VARSITY TRACK MEET

(Continued from Page 4)

In the first heat of the hundred yard dash. Of the three heats run, Weisbrod, Werthenbach and Newhouse qualified for the final heat, to be held in the afternoon.

Crack! Again went the gun, this time to start the half-mile race. While Crockford was drifting home well in the lead, Cockle and Hill tested their powers with the shot. Len beat Bob by a small margin.

Ethel Barnett, a flaxen-haired damsel, who is one of this year's newcomers to Varsity, placed her dainty feet at least seven inches farther in the broad jump than her nearest rival. Fritz Werthenbach and Fred Russel, who had a very close struggle for broad jump honors last year, again competed for first place, but this time the decision was Werthenbach's by a substantial margin. Gladys Fry, of basketball fame, hurled the discus high and far to win over her sister, Ruth. In the basketball toss, however, she had to concede first place to Miss Barnett. In the quarter-mile run, Crockford again made five points for the Arts team by scorching around the oval ahead of the rest of the field. After Cockle had heaved the hammer well-nigh out of sight, and the Freshettes had won the girls' interyear relay

race, Fred Russel vaulted farther into the sky than any of his opponents. After a close struggle, McLurg outclimbed Donaldson for second place in the vault honors.

The Three Mile a Grind Indeed
As the start for the three-mile jog was announced, five stalwarts stepped onto the cinders and without further ado, Starter Tait sent them off. Eighteen minutes later Chas. Reid finished the twelve-lap tour well ahead of the field, which had by that time narrowed down to two. Wes Oke, after a fine showing for nine laps, developed a stitch just as he was giving G. S. Beggs, second man to finish, a hard struggle for that place. The ladies then had their innings at the jumping pit. Gladys Fry, as stated before, made the highest leap, leaving Ethel Barnett one inch nearer the earth. At this point both competitors and spectators being somewhat enfeebled by hunger, a recess was called for dinner.

After Taking Nourishment
Promptly at one-thirty, Len Cockle tossed the discus down the field a hundred feet or so, and the afternoon events were on. Werthenbach gave a beautiful exhibition when he skimmed over the hundred and twenty-yard hurdles, to romp away with his specialty, in nineteen and a half seconds. Within a short space of one another, Fritz completed his clean sweep of the speed events by winning the two-twenty and hundred yard dashes.

Two Promising Athletes
The gathering rugby crowds were next treated to a thrilling hundred yard dash, featured by its close finish. Ethel Barnett won, in thirteen seconds flat, and at that with a slight breeze against her. Dolly McLeod, a splendid little athlete from Edmonton and last year's High School champ, whizzed over the line a scant fifth of a second later, after pushing the winner hard.

When the gladiators of the grid had retired at the end of the first half, an exhibition javelin throw was given by Len Cockle, intercollegiate champion in this event. Len hopes to touch the Dominion record on Saturday next. After Varsity had won her thrilling rugby battle with Saskatchewan, and with a large crowd still in the bleachers, Fred Russel, provincial high jump king, easily outthopped his rivals. The feature of this event lay in the fact that out of the five contestants not one had the same style of jumping, and all skimmed over the wand above the five-foot mark. This event is regarded as a sure point for the green and gold on Saturday.

List of Winners
Hundred yards dash—First heat: Weisbrod, Allan, Walker; second heat, Werthenbach, T. G. Stanley, D. Cameron; third heat, J. Newhouse, K. Shearer, E. Scrabba.
Half-mile race—Crockford, Reid. Time, 2 mins. 20 secs.

Shot put—Len Cockle, Hill, Muscovitch. Distance, 31.9 ft.
Girls' broad jump—Ethel Barnett, Dolly McLeod, Gladys Fry. Distance, 13.1 ft.

Men's broad jump—Werthenbach, Russel, Shearer. Distance 19.12 ft.
Girls' discus—G. Fry, R. Fry, E. Barnett. Distance, 58.8 ft.

Men's 440 yards dash—Crockford, Reid, Deikmeier. Time, 53 3-5 secs.
Girls' basketball throw—E. Barnett, G. Fry, R. Fry. Distance, 70 ft. 1 in.

Hammer throw—L. Cockle, R. Hill, F. Werthenbach. Distance, 78 ft. 8 in.

Girls' 220 yards relay—Freshettes (Ethel Barnett, Dolly McLeod, Alex McCaig, Ruth Fry). Time, 28 2-5 secs.

Pole Vault—Russel, Lyons, Donaldson. Height, 9 ft.
Mile race—Crockford, Reid, Iles. Time, 5 min. 12 2-5 secs.

Girls' high jump—G. Fry (broke provincial record), E. Barnett, M. Alexander. Height, 4 ft. 6 1/2 in.
Three-mile race—Reid, Beggs. Time, 18 mins.

Hurdle race—Werthenbach, Bogart. Time, 19 1-5 secs.
Girls' 50 yards dash—E. Barnett, D. McLeod, F. McMillan. No time taken.

Men's 220 yards dash—Werthenbach, Stanley, Newhouse. Time, 25 2-5 secs.
Girls' 100 yards dash—E. Barnett, D. McLeod, R. Fry. Time, 13 secs. flat.

Javelin throw—L. Cockle, F. Russel. Distance, 147 ft. 3 in.
Men's high jump—F. Russel, B. Lyons, C. Bogart. (Russel did not try for a record.)

Hundred yards dash—Werthenbach, Stanley, Newhouse. (No time recorded due to strong wind.)

HEARTY VOTE OF THANKS

The Track Club herein tenders a hearty vote of appreciation and thanks to all those members of the Faculty and student body for their assistance and co-operation in connection with the Varsity Field Day held last Saturday.

REG. HAMILTON,
President.

THEATRE PARTY HILARIOUS SUCCESS

Annual Snake Dance Once More Startled Staid Citizens

Last Monday night was the big night. The Frosh having been duly initiated by their Sophomore friends, had the finishing touches applied, namely, a modern drama, followed by a tour of the ins and outs of Jasper Avenue.

The first part of the program was the performance (both by actors and students) at the Empire Theatre. Here the Gordiner Players presented a comedy entitled, "Laff That Off." If appreciation varies directly as the volume of sound the play certainly "went over big." The University's allotment of tickets was entirely sold out, and about two hundred roaring Freshmen, in the pit, gave a great reception to the players. But the Freshmen were not the only ones who enjoyed themselves: lordly Sophomores occupying the boxes helped to drape the theatre with colored streamers, and many Juniors and Seniors seemed to be getting quite a thrill out of the proceedings.

The Play
Coming to the play itself, the first act was the best. This is said with no intention of slighting the Gordiner Players, who gave a highly creditable performance, but is given from the students' point of view. Amid the yelling, the witticisms, throwing of streamers, and other results of hilarity, this first act appeared like a pantomime, if one forgot the noise of the audience.

After this act was over, the theatre quieted down, and the student audience was able to "Laff That Off."

New Talent
Between acts certain Freshmen of histrionic aspirations appeared before the glow of the footlights. During the first intermission four agile members of Class '31 showed how the Charleston should be done. The method adopted to choose the winner was the popular one by which the volume of applause signifies the choice of the audience. As each Charleston hound was indicated everybody cheered, so that Master of Ceremonies Ernie Lewis had to use his own judgment. Between the second and third acts two more Freshmen appeared. The first showed a good deal of ability in a step dance, while the second (whose name must be of French origin) gave two recitations. Every green (and gold) performer received hearty encores.

The Snake Dance

When the play was over and the actors had received a good measure of applause, the old war-cry was started. From below came the sounds: "Hip! hip! hip!" The Freshmen soon learned the different yell, and a long line formed below. Soon this single file started to move, out the doors, down 103rd Street and thence east on Jasper Avenue. "Hip! hip!" Pedestrians wondered for a moment, and then remembered "The Varsity Snake Dance." On Jasper traffic was blocked temporarily, and many stores did a rushing business for a time. A few daring motorists who tried to break the winding line suffered for their audacity. Except for the fact that one or two tires failed to stand the joggling, no damage was done. For perhaps fifteen minutes the students took possession of the town; the long line wound across the streets and in and out of the shops and cafes, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior alike yelling the old war-cry. As the parade went through the Macdonald Hotel, sleepy-eyed, pyjama-clad figures, who came from south of the border, wondered if Canada were really civilized. After having their fears calmed by the assurance of attendants that the cause of the rumpus was due solely to a tribe of Indians, they went back to bed and were put to sleep by the fading cries of "Hip! hip!" The line wound back to the corner of Jasper and 101st Street where the Varsity yell was given in lusty fashion, as a signal to end the festivities. Thus ended the Annual Night, but the newcomers were the only ones who could say that they were "Fresh, yet tired, and yet happy."

CIRCULATION ANNOUNCEMENT

Harry Lister has been authorized to collect subscriptions for The Gateway among members of the staff of the University, and to deliver papers to them. If you wish to be on his delivery list, subscribe, for he will give complimentary copies ONLY to those entitled to same.

COVETED CAIRNS TROPHY NOW WITHIN OUR GRASP

(Continued from Page 1)

Len Cockle—How many boys haven't said recently, "I wish I were Len!" Oh, yes, of course he's a fine athlete, but it's his coaching job they're after. (Nice bunch of Freshettes there, Len.) But the tallest man on the team is, above all, a javelin thrower of record-breaking calibre. Holder of the intercollegiate javelin record, Len has already beaten that record this season in practice. Following many earnest sessions with the discus, he is prepared to try and fill the gap in the weight events left by Aubs Bright. Promising pupils of his who are turning out regularly have the Brown boys and Swede Gourlay amongst their number.

Chas. Reid—Now, here's a prospect! Charlie likes the long hikes best, and so he rarely stoops to run anything under a mile, while he is supremely happy when off on a three-mile spin. Our long-distance favorite is better than ever before—straight goods, fellows—he has lost that fatal tilt of the head that cost him the above races in the meet last year. It caused him to slip and fall, thus injuring himself. But now, under the coaching of Don Sproule—another loss of the original track team—Reid is shaping up strongly. We're all for you, Charles, old boy!

"Cut" Cutsungavitch—Say, could anything be sweeter—here we have another distance man, all trimmed up and rarin' to go. He was so anxious to be "in the pink" that he wouldn't change his training rules even to enter the local meet last week. "Cuts" will be there with the goods all right.

Tom Stanley—A sprinter of great promise, of last year's track team. "T.D." didn't make any points there but he is much faster now than he was at that time, and he is certain of a place in the sprints. As a twenty-two man, Stanley sure can travel. Those who saw the race he gave Fritz the other day can vouch for that. Hats off to you, Tom!

Don Cameron—A bold, bad Aggie. Sets a swift pace on the cinders as well as in his farm pursuits. Don has the goods, and can be trusted to deliver 'em.

Ben Lyons—Will support Fred Russel in the pole vault and high jump. He has a unique species of kick jump that sends him over the bar at a promising height. His chances are good in the high jump.

Among the Frosh—From the confused medley of the Frosh Class have emerged Weisbrod and Newhouse, sprinters of considerable worth, Iles, a mile man, and Beggs, three-mile specialist.

Ethel Barnett—An athlete from head to toe, with the women's provin-

SUNDAY SERVICE

The University service for Sunday morning, October 16th, will be of a musical character. The soloist for this occasion will be Miss Ruth Richards. An anthem, "Lead Me, Lord" (S. S. Wesley) will be rendered by the choir, and general congregational singing led by the choir will be a feature of the service.

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